

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

FIELD NOTES.

For the Bugle.

NEWTON FALLS, Sept. 25th, 1857.

DEAR FRIENDS: I suppose you will expect some of us to transmit to you for the Bugle Notes from the Lecturing Field, though I fear you will not receive the report of many great and enthusiastic gatherings, for, as you well know, the cause of radical anti-slavery has not yet become sufficiently popular to draw such crowds as we have beneath the canopy of a circus company, or in the seat of a newspaper. Community is not yet so highly educated in the school of morality that any considered portion of it prefers hearing reform lectures to seeing monkey shows, or witnessing ground and body tumbling. We are told we must take community as it is, and I suppose we must, but I trust that is not a sufficient reason for reformers to be content to leave it as it is; it is not, on the contrary, an excellent reason for striving to educate it for something higher and better, so that those who afterward labor in the same field shall find a superior material with which to work!

Abolitionists are accustomed to small audiences and cool receptions, that they have learned to take as a matter of course, and would feel no little achievement to find them otherwise.—They are glad if they can get a respectful hearing, or for having their doctrines and measures endorsed theoretically and practically, they don't expect it except in very few cases, for there are but few with taste so unperverted that they prefer the means of heaven to the best pots of Egypt.—And there is an inconsiderable number who, having been compelled, as it were, to eat awhile of the former, as soon as opportunity presented, re-ascend with longing spirits to the latter, and what their temporary conversion these, or those like unto them may experience, they will as certainly fall back into their former condition, as water will seek its level.

After I joined our friends, the Fosters, the first place where we held meetings was at Ravenna.—We occupied the Universalist Meeting House, and had four sessions—three on Sunday (the 20th inst.) and one on the Saturday evening preceding. The house was reasonably full, and the audience appeared to be composed of quite as good material as a country town could be expected to furnish. Unionists, Republicans, and Democrats were all represented. We presented our most ultra doctrines, which were listened to with respectful attention. Some little discussion and catechising occurred during our meetings, which added a spice of interest to our proceedings. Whether any body was converted or confirmed, it is not for me to say. There certainly was no sparing of the truth on the part of those who testified for the slave's cause, but it is probably true of many who were present, as it is of thousands of others of professed abolitionists, that they esteem the success of "our party" as of more importance than the interests of the four millions bound.

A Democrat who attended our meetings stated publicly that at the last election the Republicans drew off voters from the Democratic party by representing themselves as more anti-slavery, but now, said he, honest Democrats will see they are no more so than we, and will forsake them at the ensuing election. It will not be a cause for our pride if his prophecy is verified.

The interest of our meetings was greatly increased by the musical contributions of our friends Hale, Baird and Clemmer from Mogadore, whose songs were listened to with great attention.—What a pity it is, that in our Anti-slavery operations we cannot arrange it so as to have song and speech go forth together for the conversion of the people; that would be a "glorious union" that all would approve.

We took up about \$16 collection at Ravenna, obtained pledges to the amount of upwards of \$6 and got several subscribers to the Bugle and Standard. I am sorry however, to be obliged to say that no inconsiderable portion of the donations and pledges and all of the Bugle subscribers came from non-residents of the town.

Upon leaving Ravenna the Fosters went to Cuyahoga Falls, while I proceeded to Franklin Mills, where I held two evening meetings. Dr. Brooks taking part in the first. To say that we had moderate meetings, or even to hint that the Town Hall was crowded, would require a greater stretch of the imagination than would be proper on this occasion, for when the truth, and the whole truth is told, I cannot make my statement hold good for more than a very meagre audience. The Democrats didn't need anti-slavery truth, and the Republicans wouldn't hear it, at least not many of them. I was told that on the first evening a couple of Republican speakers were present, one of whom was disposed to join issue with me on some point I had taken, but was restrained by his wiser brother, who had learned that in such a case, discretion was the better part of valor. On the second evening I saw neither of the two present.

On Thursday evening I held a meeting in the Baptist Meeting House at Brimfield, where the audience was larger than at Franklin, yet not alarmingly great. Both at Franklin and Brimfield I distributed after my meetings quite a number of Procion tracts, and have faith to believe that the labor expended will not be lost.

From Brimfield I went to Middlebury, Sommerville, where the rest of our company were. I learned from Stephen and Abby that they had held three meetings at Cuyahoga Falls, all of which were well attended, and the audience listened with great interest to the discussions of our principles. Several subscribers were secured to the Bugle and Standard, and a good impression was evidently made.

The first meeting at Middlebury was small—owing probably to a circus exhibition in the neighborhood—but on the second evening the Methodist Episcopal House was comfortably filled. Some questioning and cross questioning spiced the meetings, and near the conclusion of the last a rare specimen of Republicanism presented himself for discussion. He advised us to go home and not proceed to lecture to those who were all anti-slavery—the South was the place for us if we wanted to talk. He acted with the Republican party, and had been in the South, and knew what slavery was; a great many of the slaves were better off than the whites in the North; just let slavery alone and it would die of itself. He assured us he was himself opposed to the institution, and then went into a burst of eloquence in which could be distinguished the phrases "our glorious Davis," "where waves the star spangled banner," "our patriot fathers," "purchased with their blood,"—thus winding up his display of fireworks by a terrible ascent of rockets, which, when they fell in the ground were nothing of course, but shattered sticks.

When he had fully relieved himself, Abby took him in hand and coolly, systematically, and thoroughly dissected him. The audience all saw that the operation was quickly done, and well done, and forgetting, it may be, their Republican proclivity, they loudly applauded the operator. And thus ended the first chapter,

B. S. J.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS AND CONVENTIONS.

PARKMAN, Saturday and Sunday, October 3d and 4th.

NEW LYME, Saturday and Sunday October 10th and 11th.

WEST ANDOVER.

Saturday and Sunday October 17th and 18th. The meetings at Parkman, New Lyme and West Andover will be attended by Mr. Mrs. Foster and Benjamin S. Jones.

WARREN.

Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 24th and 25th.

To be attended by S. S. and Abby K. Foster and perhaps others.

GERARD, Erie County, Pa.

Thursday Evening, Oct. 15th.

Miss Susan B. Anthony and Aaron M. Powell.

LOCKPORT, Erie County, Pa.

Thursday Evening, Oct. 15.

To be addressed by William Wells Brown.

LINELVILLE, Crawford County, Pa.

Saturday and Sunday October 17th and 18th.

To be attended by Miss Susan B. Anthony, Wm. Wells Brown and Aaron M. Powell.

PAINSVILLE, Ohio.

Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 24th and 25th.

To be addressed by Miss Susan B. Anthony, William Wells Brown and Aaron M. Powell.

Dr. A. Brooks will also be in attendance upon several of these conventions and will make arrangements for other meetings in their vicinity so far as practicable, at the request of friends.

MEETING AT COOL SPRINGS, CARMEL AND MIDDLETON.

William Holliday, Harmon Bealer and Reuben Erwin, will hold Anti-Slavery Meetings as follows:

At Cool Spring Meeting House, October 6th—Evening.

Middleton, October 9th—Evening.

Carmel, October 10th and 11th. The Meeting on the 10th to commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.

Miscellaneous Summary.

THE LUCCA FAMILY.

Will give one of their Concerts in the Town Hall, in Salem, on Monday evening, the 5th, inst.

The general Javor with which their music has hitherto been received in Salem and elsewhere, will, we confidently expect, secure them a full house on that evening.

THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE has been summoned to hold an extra session to afford relief in the present commercial difficulties. The officials of the Pennsylvania banks which have suspended, were especially anxious for this measure, hoping the Legislature would legalize their suspension of payment. In other words, make it lawful for them not to pay their debts. The law of Pennsylvania punishes the suspension of specie payment, by the banks by a forfeiture of charters.

I have seldom seen so serious, nay so solemn an assembly, as on that night. A number declared to me afterwards, that in their view, the game of anti-slavery politics had been played quite too long, only for the personal aggrandizement of a few designing men, and to no other purpose.

The dissolution of the Union and a Northern Republic, seems now the one thing to be desired, for our own deliverance, both from the criminality of the slave holders themselves; it is the surest and speediest mode of uprooting the slave system itself.

Newton Falls will occupy a higher position on the subject of Human Freedom than heretofore. More than a dozen new subscribers to the Bugle, all of whom truly earnest and thoughtful persons, but will not produce a revolution there. A contribution of between five and six dollars beyond expenses, was a further evidence that the good work is well begun.

I cannot forbear to mention the names of Daniel Earle and H. L. Williams as deserving of great praise for their services and attentions they cheerfully rendered me in my mission there. Such co-operation as theirs, could we always find it, would lighten materially the too often most dismal work of the anti-slavery missionaries.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

Mrs. Coleman, in a note from Harrison County, says:

Our meetings continue to be well attended, much interest is manifested, but the interest is far from being all in our favor. Very few persons attempt to oppose us with argument, but we are treated to eggs, stones, etc., and vile things are said of us. We are, however, strong in purpose, fearing nothing. We know if they have called the Master of the house "Blessed is he," how much more of him is household?" And he, or some who cares for reputation in the world, will surely do well to keep off from the platform, where the rights of the poor and degraded are discussed and maintained.

THE RAVENNA MEETINGS.

The Reformer of Ravenna gives the following notice of the late meetings in that town by B. S. Jones and the Fosters.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.—On Saturday evening and during Sunday, B. S. Jones, S. S. and A. K. Foster, held a number of anti-slavery meetings in this place, in the Universalist Church, all of which were attended by a large number of interested hearers.—They all spoke earnestly and to the purpose on the great and absorbing question of American slavery, and with their accustomed power and ability, showed the terrible wrongs in a vivid and feeling manner, which the millions of our countrymen in chains are suffering continually at the hand of the slave driver. As is usual they held up the complicity of all political parties and all religious sects, as they reason out the case in the crime and guilt of this abominable wrong.—Some of the politicians attempted to defend or rather palliate their position, or the position of their candidates on the subject of slavery, but we were vain for him to stand up to successfully refute the charges alleged against them, for the speakers brushed them away as they would a cobweb. So much worse off is the church than the state in this iniquity, that, although Mr. Foster on Sunday evening, proved it a "brotherhood of slaves," by his irrefragable facts and arguments, yet not one attempted to wag his tongue in their defense. Of course he alluded to the large religious bodies. Their lectures made a good impression here.—

Cox Invades on Coats.—S. S. Cox has been improving on Rufus Choate. That once distinguished man made his memory infamous by signing the Declaration of Independence as a "glittering general," but Choate, in his oration at Brown University, termed it a "fond generality."

"Sunny" is the Congress man who represents the Democracy of Ohio in Congress. And he well represents the principles of the party and of the government which recognizes the rights of slaveholders.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

ROSALIE.

By C. L. M.

V.

Mid the garden roses,
The Lady Julia stands;
Roses smiling round her,
Roses in her hands.

She hath dwelt in roses,
All her happy life;
She feareth not earth's sorrows,
Heedeth not its strife.

With her eyes of azure,
With her locks of gold—
Beauteous never made a face more fair,
The world, a heart more bold!

So the heavens above her,
Smile with cloudless light—
She needs not those who wander,
Lost in starless night.

VI.

They met in the wide old Hall;
He young, noble, worshiped, and proud;
And she who had tasted the wormwood and gall,
Of bondage, whose neck to the yoke was bowed.

The blood to his heart in a torrent rushed—
And her cheek with a sudden brightness flushed,
Like the morning sky as rosy.
When his Lord first smiles from the Eastern sea!

They met in the wide old Hall—

There was but for a moment no word was spoken,
Yet their hearts were bound in captive thrall.
With chains of Adamaean never to be broken:
O! why do they paint Love an idle toy,
Twining garlands in childish joy?
Mighty is he for war or weal
A Vulcan forging fitters of steel!

VII.

Gather, O fair Rosalie,
The roses all fresh and bright;
Twine them in shining garlands,
Ta braid with thy locks of night.

For the flush on thy cheek is brighter
Than the hue of the fairest rose;
And with the light of a happy heart,
Thy dark eyes sparkle and glow.

And the song on thy lips is sweeter
Than the birds on the wildwood tree;
And thy step is gay as waves that dance
In sunlight across the sea.

Then gather the fresh young roses,
Bright with the diamond dew;
The thorns are now for another,
The roses are all for you!

But the roses fade and die,

When the summer days are past;
When chill Autumn clouds the sky,
We can bide the bitter blast!

So the joys that cheered the heart
While the sun of Hope was high,
Like the summer flowers depart—
When misfortune clouds the sky!

VIII.

Oh world! O unjus world!
Fair to the outward seeming, but within,
Full of all cruelty and wrong, and woe,
A sepulchre of sin!

O! I had only seen,

Send the waves that on the surface dance in light;
Now the dread depths of infamy, and wrong.

Burst on my startled sight!

To me my sire had seemed,
A kindly sovereign o'er a blest domain;
I see him now a tyrant, neath whose sway,
Slaves groan, and wail with pain;

Great God! it is just,

That wealth and ease should be my part in life,
While she, earth's loveliest daughter knows none.

Its bitterness and strife?

But for her noble heart,
And for the beauty of her matchless face,
I will shake off this lethargy, and plead
The cause of her crushed race.

And men shall heed my voice,

Till slaves beneath our skies no longer pine;
And all the glory, all the praise shall be,
O! angel maiden, thine!"

IX.

What clouds Dun Warren's haughty brow,
What tempest now above him lower?
Hath he not lands and slaves now?
Or doth he sigh for place and power?

Ah well-a-day the greyheads'ay,
Who for Dun Warren's haughty race,
When his grey head shall pass away,
Who then will come to fill his place?

Not that sad boy whose brain is turned

With ideas strange, and wild; perchance
In his long journeys he had learned,
In infidel secured France!

But let him leave his atheist home,

In that false land where first it sprung;
Such dangerous words should never more,
Fall from a proud Virginian's tongue.

But if he still assail our law,
Our institutions seek to alter,
Hoping (vain fool) for our applause—
He'll get what he deserves—a halter!

X.

It is vain, all vain, ye mighty, and proud, and strong;
Calous-hearted, and cruel, O why do I preach to you?
For you long to infliction, robbery, crime and wrong;
But you care with scorn from all that is pure, and true!

Well, go on, with your foot on the bondman's neck;
Laugh at my words when I warn you of wrath to come,
Your hands blood-red with murder, what do you speak?
Of the awful vengeance of God in the Day of Doom!

Shut your ears to your victim's bitter cries.
Harden your hearts to his agony, and do
speak
But the God of Earth and Heaven shall heed
his sighs—
From His throne of justice and mercy shall
answer his prayers.

XI.

"Shall I be bound forever,
By a promise that I hate,
Made for me by my father,
Heaven! shall it be my fate?

Shall I wed the Lady Julia,
Proud, passionate and cold?
For her wealth of shining trousse,
Or her wealth of shining gold?

Shall I turn from fair Rosalie,
With a soul as pure and bright?
As the heaven that bends above her,
With its depth of golden light?

Must I count as naught the beauty
Of her heart or her face,
That cruel man have placed a ban
Upon her mother's race?

Now I will seek together,
Some island sweet and lone,
That gem-like teeth and those soas,
That gird the tropic suns.

And mid that bloom eternal,
Beneath those balmy skies,
We'll live and love together
Like the twain in Paradise!

And the world, stern, cold, and cruel,
With all its pain and sin;
It's wrong, injustice, folly,
Shall never enter in.

XII.

Fever from out her fiery lair,
Tiger-like springs on Dun Warren's heir,
Her talons are deep in his shuddering breast,
And he loses his arms in his wild unrest.

The Lady Julia with silent tread
Glides like a serpent about his bed;
A fierce fire gleams from her clear blue eye,
Like lightening out of a summer sky.

But where is she who alone hath power
To soothe his pangs in this fearful hour?
His cherishing idol, his chosen bride;
Is this a time to forsake his side?

Blame her not but pity her fate,
Poor victim of vengeful, remorseless hate,
She would give up earth's grandeur, and pride
and power.

To watch by that weary couch an hour.
But shackles are clasped on each slender wrist,
Which the lips of a lover so lately kissed!
And for loves sweet story, shuddering bears

The brutal trader's curse and years of
O skies! how can you smile so bright,
On a world so cursed by oppression's blight?
O earth! how can you bloom so fair,
So filled with anguish and despair?

XIII.

"O woman! cruel woman! what is this thou hast done—
Could no act less direful appear thy fiendish wrath?

When a thousand bowed before thee couldst not thou suffer one,
To love the gentle flower that bloomed so sweetly in thy path?

A woman did I call thee? Nay, thou art a fiend from Hell;
Its lurid fires still burning in thy false and cruel heart.

Back to the prison, to thy comrades, for sure it is not well,
To blight this heritage of God in which thou hast no part.

But the Father reigns above us, therefore I fear thee not,
Do thy worst, but I shall see her in her lowliness once more.

He would guide me were she hidden in Earth's wildest, loneliness spot,
We'll live and love together yet, our weary trials o'er,

Go then I forgive thee, false, and cruel as thou art,
Repent thee if thou can't, ask forgiveness of High Heaven,

Implore the blessed Lord to cast the demons from thy breast,
The pearly gates thou'll never pass if thou art unforgiven!

XIV.

Through years long, long unnumbered years,
Up and down the weary earth,
Over deserts wild and drear,
O'er mountains where the streams have birth—

Over rivers deep and wide,
Through vast forests dark and lone,
Footsteps, heartbeats, still I've sought,
My lost, my loved, my worshipped one!

The sun of life was shining high
When first my weary march began,
Now age, and night came stealing on,
I am a grey-haired, lonely man.

Men call me idiot, mad man, fool,
But all their bitter taunts, and jeers,
Their words of pity, or of scorn,
Alike fall heedless on my ears.

Or sometimes on my weary way,
I've seen her, darling of my heart,
And fondly thought my search was o'er,
That never more we twain should part;

The light of joy is in her eye,
She glides toward me with outstretched arms,
Fly to clasp her to my breast—
Radiant in all her youthful charms.

But are I clasp her slender hand,
Or stoop to kiss her blushing face,
That dreaded phantom glides between—

To part us from that dear embrace—
That fiend—the gleam of whose blue eye,
Withers my heart—a lightning glare—
Around whose head the flames of Hell

Seem darting from her shining hair.

But demon I shall triumph yet,
Though Hell with all its powers conspire
To part us twain—for her sweet sake,
I'd dare the fury of its fire!

You we shall dwell in love together
Upon some peaceful stormless shore,
Where the world's wrong, injustice, sin,
Shall vex our happy souls no more.

LUSKIN UPON LITERATURE.

From the Liberator.
THE SLAVE MOTHER.
Lo! a woman—trembling, frail,
With grief her tears express,
In the Market stood, for sale,
With her first-born at her breast!
But the babe was not her own:
For the child that God had made—
Offspring of her flesh and bone—
Was a living ware of trade!

She she wept her sorrows calm,
Lo! her human heart was sold
For the silver, which the palm
Of human hand could hold!
God's own image in the mart!
Aki! 'twas fragile merchandise—
Broken in the breaking heart!
Melted in the weeping eye!

Then another wounding thorn—
Pierced the heart already stung:
Lo! the sucking babe was torn
From the bosom where it clung!
Then her mother's cry was wild!
Then afresh her tears were shed!
And she mourned her living child—
Living but to her as dead!

Now the Slave was doubly bound;
For, beside the chain she wore,
Grief encircled her soul around,
Like a letter, evermore!
Never, though she quailed her cry,
Was the broken heart made whole!
Never, though she bashed her sighs,
Went the sorrow from her soul!

Ye whose human hopes or fears
Stir to gladness or to woe;
Ye who weep at others tears,
And would wipe them when they flow;
Ye who feel another's pain,
And will hear another's plea—
Go and break the bondman's chain!
Go and set the captive free!

THE AQUARIUM AT THE MUSEUM.—The proprietors of the American Museum have availed themselves of the growing mania for "Aquaria," and will on Monday next open for exhibition a magnificent collection of fishes, sea-shells and all sorts of marine monsters and curiosities gathered from the ocean, river and lake. We had the pleasure of examining their collection yesterday. The Aquarium occupies a large room on each side of which are arranged rows of glass water-tanks, thirty two in number, and ranging from a quarter to a half to six feet in length. Within these tanks are displayed from eight hundred to a thousand different specimens of the vegetable and animal life of the water. The bottoms of the Aquariums are covered with an inch or two of clean coarse gravel, upon which are placed miniature piles of rocks, fancifully arranged, and growing upon these are various many mud specimens of marine mosses, plants, &c. There is a large number of seahorses, which grow upon the rocks; also palmettes with spreading branches and upon the slightest alarm suddenly collapse, draw their branches together, and gather into the smallest possible space.

The vegetable life keeps the water supplied with oxygen, and many sorts of curiously shaped water-snails creeping among the rocks and plants gather up the decaying vegetable matter, and keep the water pure and wholesome for the fishes. Considerable skill is required to properly adjust the proportions of vegetable and animal life. Each aquarium has its little assorted colony of fish, sporting contentedly among the rocks and plants. There are star fish, sea-spiders, soldier crabs, prawns, shrimps, lobsters, pike, pickerel, a host of fishes with Latin names, and to crown these specimens whose names are unknown, if they have any at all. The gambols and tricks of these gaily-colored denizens are exceedingly pleasant to look upon, as well as instructive, and we are sure that the aquarium will prove a decided "hit." The effect of the rainbow hues of the fishes, sporting among their sunning groves and caves by gaslight, we are assured is splendid. All the children at least want to see the aquaria.

GONE TO DINNER.—Gone to dinner. Back in fifteen minutes. That notice stands on your office door.

My grubbing friend, eating is not a process whose operation and results are wholly confined within the stomach; it is not to reether or soak within the stomach. It tells upon muscles and vitals, and brain and nerves—upon mind and soul. Fifteen minutes! Fifteen minutes is enough to eat one dinner and to drink a glass of water; and see the mass of rice and beans you are pinching fork into your countenance, if you are brought into your countenance, if you are brought a happy man watching to snatch it from you!

How day do you like those chunks of meat all soaked with "gravy," and that greasy, sodden pie, and hot cakes and biscuits and colored coffee, and hen, while your miserable, over-worked old stomach is calling for all the disposable nervous energy of your system to help it dredge in its tyrannical jack-jaw heading back into your dark, close, crowding room, and demand that more nervous energy from the same source to engineer your brain and eyes in the absorbing exertion of making meat?

Well, poor fellow, it's of no use to scold at you after all day. Pig is much more appropriate to your sad case. Who would be such a jocund, lithe, complexioned, dried-up husk, for all your money, and everybody's else? It is but a maimed soul and a deformed body that you have acquired under that regimen. And when your old, cracked, shakily constitution quite breaks up and you die prematurely—wretched man, who knows what miserable fate you will have incurred by your years of still money-grabbing, and this intensified course of mad aggravations with unwholesome meat dishes, no grease and drinks all ablaze!—*Life Illustrated.*

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THE MINNESOTA STATE ARMS.—The device of the seal and coat of arms for Minnesota, when she shall be admitted into the Union as a state, as adopted by the Republican portion of the Convention now in session, represents a waterfall—supposed to be that of the Mississippi. The top of the waterfall is a shield, symbolizing the abundant and varied water-power and privilege in the state, and an Indian figure with his face towards the setting sun, and tomahawk and arrows at his feet. Opposite the shield is a white man with a sheaf of wheat and agricultural implements. The Indian is represented as asking of the white man whether he shall go, and the white man pointing to his implements, as if he would direct him to the habits of civilized life. In one corner a distant view of the Lake Superior and a sail; in the other, the Mississippi River and a steamer. The three pine regions of the state are represented by three pine trees. The motto to accompany the arms is, "State of Minnesota, A. D. 1857," in these words, "Liberty and Union."

THE WISCONSIN PLATE.—The Republicans of Wisconsin passed the following resolutions, at their recent State Convention:—

"Resolved, That we, as Republicans, accept this issue, forced upon us by the Slave power, and in defense of freedom will revere and stand pledged to the accomplishment of the following purposes:

1. To bring the Administration of the Government back to the control of first principles.

2. To restore Nebraska and Kansas to the position of free Territories.

3. To repeal and entirely abrogate the Fugitive Slave act.

4. To restrict Slavery to the States in which it exists.

5. To prohibit the admission of any more slave States into the Union.

6. To exclude Slavery from all the Territories over which the General Government has exclusive jurisdiction, and to resist the acquisition of any more territory, unless the prohibition of Slavery therein forever shall have been first provided for."

PATRICK'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.—The Cleveland Leader says that Patrick declared, "Take the negroes from Africa and enslave him in the South, as we do, as we have always done, as he was originally brought up under the influence of Christianity and Civilization!"